


DEFIANT
5
\$2.50
\$3.50 CANADA

WAR DANCER

TM



LEAD HIM NOT INTO TEMPTATION

STORY BY
ALAN WEISS AND
JIM SHOOTER
WRITTEN BY
JIM SHOOTER
AND ALAN WEISS
DRAWN BY
MICHAEL NETZER
INKED BY
BRAD VANCATA
PAINTED BY
DAVID HILLMAN AND
ERIKA HELENE
LETTERED BY
GEORGE ROBERTS
EDITED BY
JOSEPH A. JAMES

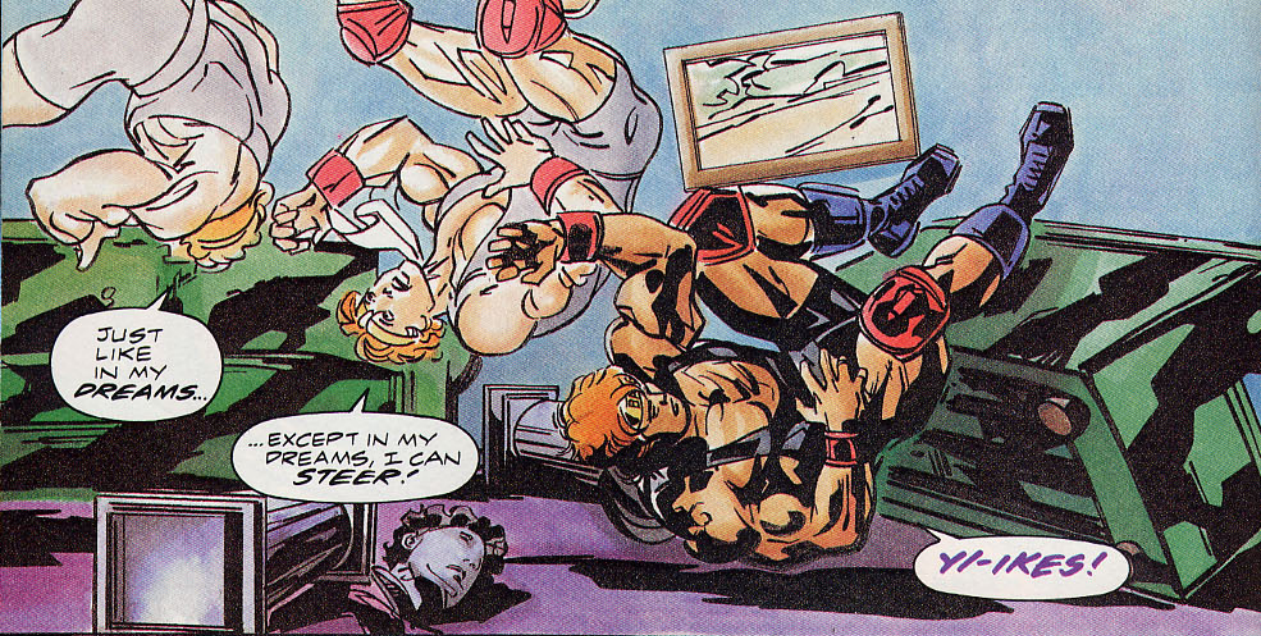
EEYOW!

I'M
FLYING!

NOT
EXACTLY
HOW I
ALWAYS
PICTURED
IT, BUT...

...I'M
REALLY
FLYING!

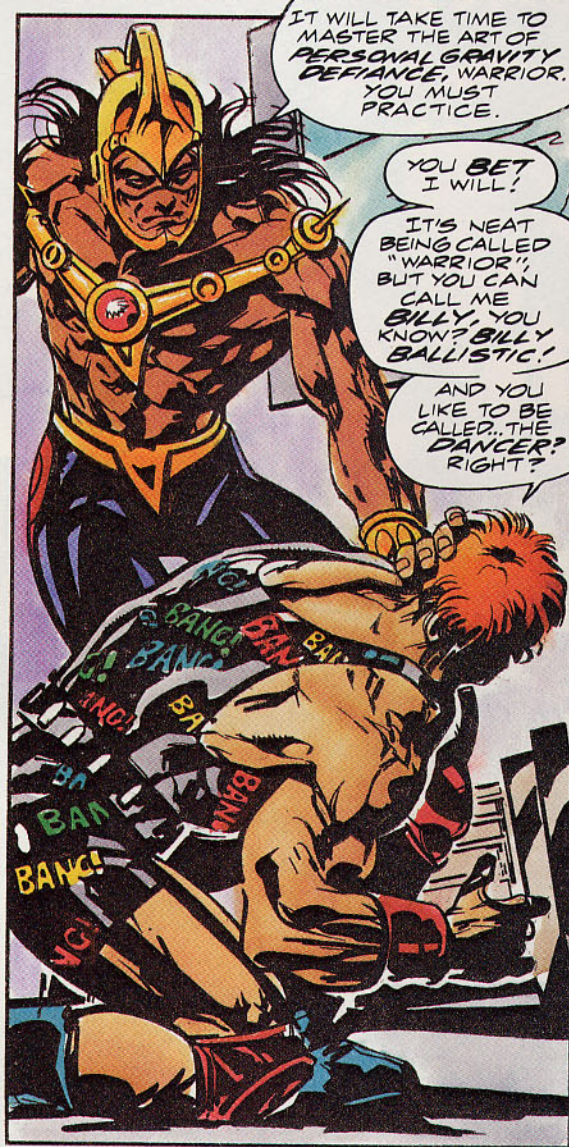




JUST
LIKE
IN MY
DREAMS...

...EXCEPT IN MY
DREAMS, I CAN
STEER!

YI-IKES!



IT WILL TAKE TIME TO
MASTER THE ART OF
**PERSONAL GRAVITY
DEFIANCE**, WARRIOR.
YOU MUST
PRACTICE.

YOU BET
I WILL!

IT'S NEAT
BEING CALLED
"WARRIOR",
BUT YOU CAN
CALL ME
BILLY, YOU
KNOW? **BILLY
BALLISTIC!**

AND YOU
LIKE TO BE
CALLED...THE
DANCER?
RIGHT?



MAN, HOW DID YOU
DO IT, DANCER?
GOD, I ALWAYS
WISHED I COULD
FLY.

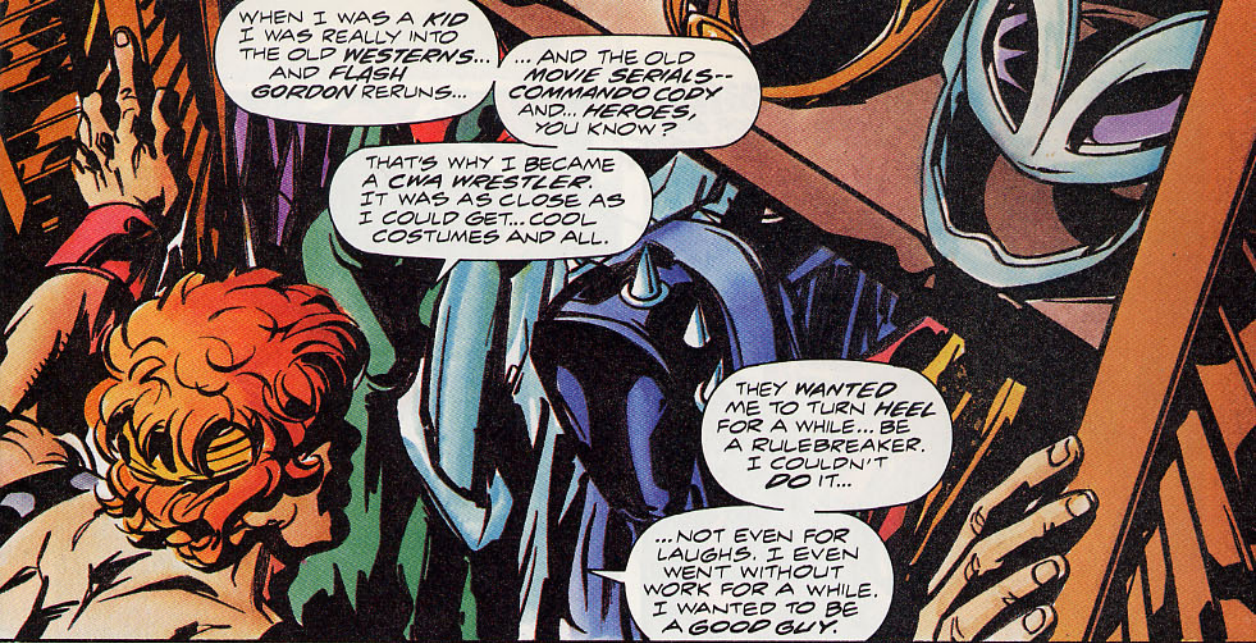
THIS IS
GREAT!
THIS IS
FANTASTIC!

NOT AT ALL,
BIL-LEE BAH-LISTIC.
I SIMPLY CHANGED
YOUR **VIBRATIONAL
FREQUENCY**.

OH.
WELL...
COOL!

MAN-OH-MAN,
AM I GONNA
DO THINGS WITH
THIS?





WHEN I WAS A KID
I WAS REALLY INTO
THE OLD WESTERNS...
AND FLASH
GORDON RERUNS...

... AND THE OLD
MOVIE SERIALS--
COMMANDO COPY
AND... HEROES,
YOU KNOW?

THAT'S WHY I BECAME
A CWA WRESTLER.
IT WAS AS CLOSE AS
I COULD GET... COOL
COSTUMES AND ALL.

THEY WANTED
ME TO TURN HEEL
FOR A WHILE... BE
A RULEBREAKER.
I COULDN'T
DO IT...

...NOT EVEN FOR
LAUGHS. I EVEN
WENT WITHOUT
WORK FOR A WHILE.
I WANTED TO BE
A GOOD GUY.



I MEAN,
THINK OF
THE KIDS
OUT
THERE...!
SOMEONE'S
GOTTA
SHOW 'EM
THAT
YOU CAN
OVERCOME
BETRAYALS...

...AND
BAD REFS...
DOUBLE-
CROSSES...



...THAT SOMETIMES
LAWS WORK AND SOME-
TIMES NOT... BUT IF
YOU DO GOOD, DO
RIGHT, AND TRY HARD,
PLAY FAIR AND JUST
DON'T QUIT...

...NOTHING'LL
STOP YOU!



THERE! I'VE BEEN
SAVING THIS OUTFIT
FOR SOMETHING
SPECIAL, LIKE A
WORLD CHAMPION-
SHIP BOUT.

WHAT COULD BE MORE
SPECIAL THAN
BECOMING WHAT
I DREAMED?

HM. I NEED
ONE MORE
THING, I
GUESS. A
GLIN!

FUNNY... I DON'T EVEN REALLY LIKE GUNS. MY BODYGUARD INSISTS I KEEP THIS ONE AROUND.

I GUESS IF I'M GOING TO BE A REAL HERO, GOING INTO REAL DANGER, I OUGHT TO CARRY IT, JUST IN CASE.

BESIDES, IT MAKES SENSE FOR BILLY BALLISTIC, THE HUMAN BULLET, RIGHT?

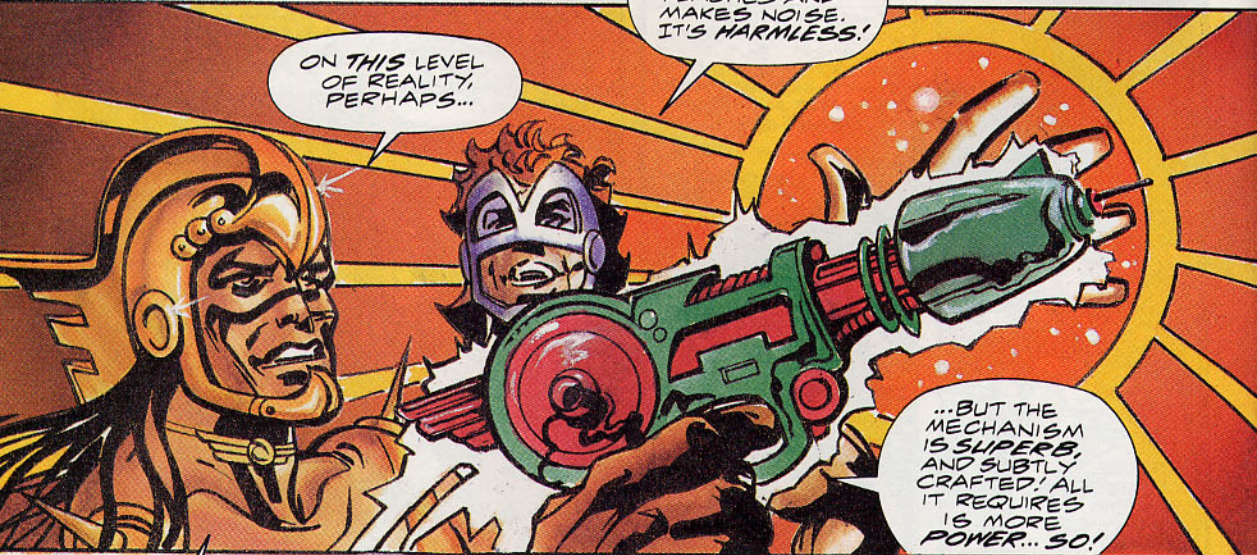


IT IS YOUR RIGHT AS ONE OF THE WARRIOR CASTE TO BEAR A WEAPON...

...BUT THIS ONE IS SO MUCH MORE POWERFUL!

THAT? IT'S A TOY! IT JUST FLASHES AND MAKES NOISE. IT'S HARMLESS!

ON THIS LEVEL OF REALITY, PERHAPS...



...BUT THE MECHANISM IS SUPERB, AND SUBTLY CRAFTED! ALL IT REQUIRES IS MORE POWER... SO!

IT IS NOW TRULY A DEVASTATING WEAPON.

QUIT KIDDING, DANCER! SAME OLD NOISE, SAME OLD FLASHES.



YOU DO NOT SEE! LET ME REPOLARIZE YOUR VISOR.

HOLY GEEZ GOD 'A! MIGHTY!





IS...
THIS
FOR
REAL?

REALITY DOES NOT END AT
THE LIMITS OF YOUR SENSES,
BIL-LEE BAH-LISTIC. THERE IS
A **QUANTUM ENERGY SUB-
STRATUM** UNDERLYING
THE PHYSICAL WORLD...

...WHERE DWELL THE
THINGS THAT SPRING
FROM THE **ID** OF
HUMANKIND. THEY
ARE ALL **AROUND**
YOU, AT THE **FRINGES**
OF YOUR AWARENESS.

THIS LOATHSOME
THING WAS
FASHIONED FROM
FEAR.



OH. WELL... I
DON'T WANT
IT IN MY
APARTMENT!

HEY! WOW!
THIS GUN IS...
AWESOME!
WHAT'S IT
SHOOT?

QUANTUM BULLETS.
I HAVE CHARGED IT
FOR A THOUSAND
YEARS. THEN IT
MUST BE RELOADED.

OH. WELL... THAT OUGHTTA DO!
HOW DO I GET BACK TO
SEEING NORMAL?

THINK
OF IT,
AND IT
WILL BE
SO.

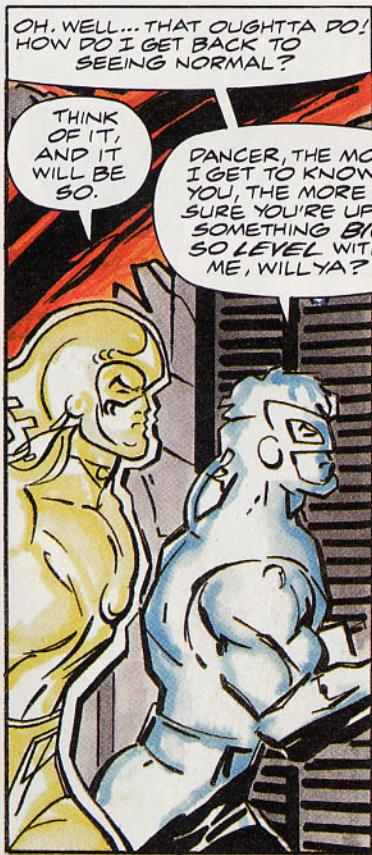
DANCER, THE MORE
I GET TO KNOW
YOU, THE MORE I'M
SURE YOU'RE UP TO
SOMETHING **BIG**.
SO **LEVEL** WITH
ME, WILL YA?

VERY
WELL.

THIS IS A TIME
OF GREAT DANGER,
BIL-LEE BAH-LISTIC.
THE **BARRIERS**
BETWEEN THE
PHYSICAL WORLD
AND THE REALMS
OF THE **ID** ARE
FALLING.

BEINGS OF
GODLIKE
POWER
WALK THE
EARTH.

I MUST **CLEANSE**
THE PHYSICAL
WORLD AND **SHORE**
UP THE
BARRIERS...



...OR DESTROY ALL EXISTENCE.

OH. WELL...

SO... YOU'RE HERE TO CATCH SOME BAD GUYS! GOOD! I'LL HELP!

WHATEVER'S WRONG, WE'LL FIX IT! I'VE GOT YOUR BACK! OKAY?

BEFORE WE START FIGHTING EVIL AND STUFF, HOW ABOUT I SHOW YOU THE TOWN?

I'VE GOT SOME LESS CONSPICUOUS CLOTHES WE CAN WEAR. C'MON!



VERY WELL.



MEANWHILE, IN MIDTOWN, A SLIGHT, FIFTY-ISH MAN STOPS AND STARES AT NOTHING...

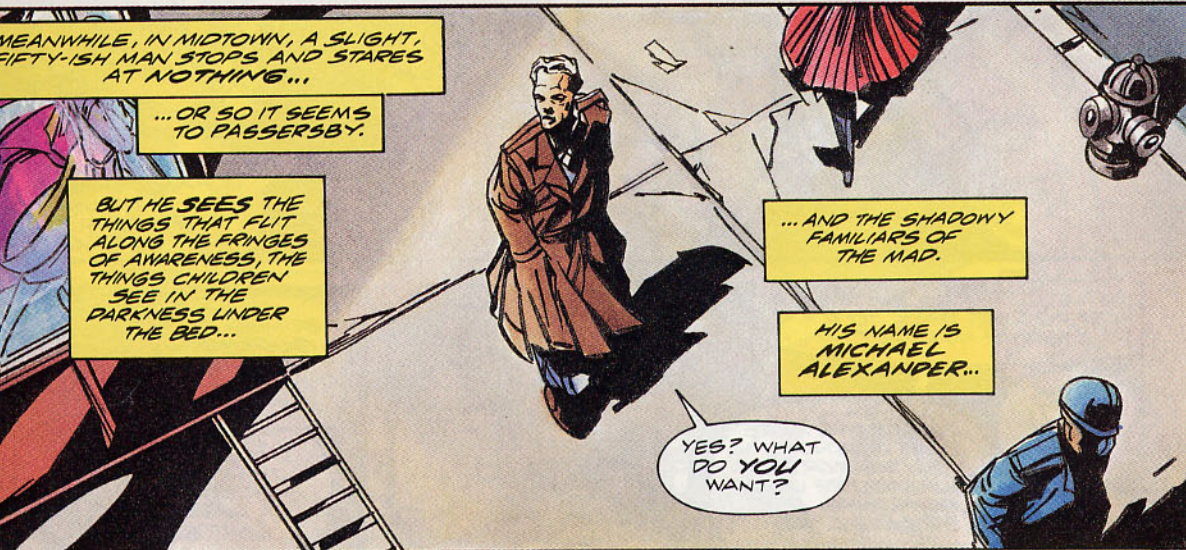
...OR SO IT SEEMS TO PASSERSBY.

BUT HE SEES THE THINGS THAT FLIT ALONG THE FRINGES OF AWARENESS, THE THINGS CHILDREN SEE IN THE DARKNESS UNDER THE BED...

... AND THE SHADOWY FAMILIARS OF THE MAD.

HIS NAME IS MICHAEL ALEXANDER...

YES? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

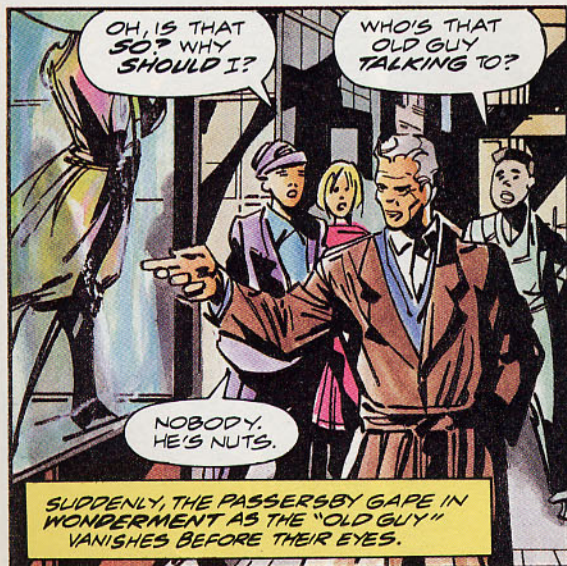


OH, IS THAT SO? WHY SHOULD I?

WHO'S THAT OLD GUY TALKING TO?

NOBODY. HE'S NUTS.

SUDDENLY, THE PASSERSBY GAPE IN WONDERMENT AS THE "OLD GUY" VANISHES BEFORE THEIR EYES.

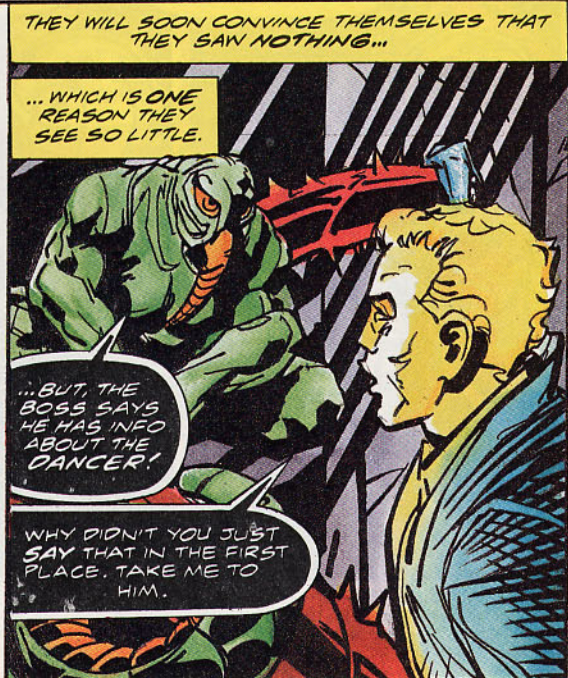


THEY WILL SOON CONVINCE THEMSELVES THAT THEY SAW NOTHING...

... WHICH IS ONE REASON THEY SEE SO LITTLE.

... BUT, THE BOSS SAYS HE HAS INFO ABOUT THE DANCER!

WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE. TAKE ME TO HIM.



FEW CAN SEE THE QUANTUM ENERGY SUBSTRATUM. FEWER STILL CAN ENTER IT, AND WALK THE BIZARRE LANDSCAPE OF THE ID.

MICHAEL ALEXANDER HAS SPENT A LIFE-TIME CONQUERING THE FEARS THAT LIMIT HUMAN PERCEPTION AND BIND HUMANKIND TO THE MATERIAL WORLD.

"THE ABSENCE OF FEAR..." HE ONCE WROTE, "...REVEALS INNER STRENGTH."

HIS STRENGTH IS RENOWNED IN THE SUBSTRATUM. HE IS A POWER TO BE RECKONED WITH.

THE GOOD HERE CALL HIM GLIMMER, AS IN GLIMMER OF HOPE. THE EVIL CALL HIM...

GLARE! HOW PLEASANT TO SEE YOU!

YOUR MESSENGER SAID YOU HAD "INFO", MULE. TALK.

OH, I'VE BEEN FINE, THANKS.

I WAS FEELING A LITTLE DOWN AFTER OUR LAST GET-TOGETHER. FOR A WHILE, YOU MIGHT SAY I WAS THE VERY PICTURE OF DESPAIR...

...BUT I'M BACK TO MY OLD SELF AGAIN. AND YOU?

HF! CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! MY LITTLE SPIES HAVE BEEN WATCHING THE DANGER, O MIGHTY GLARE!

HE DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE IT, BUT HIS RESOLVE HAS EBBED. HIS SPIRIT HAS WANED.

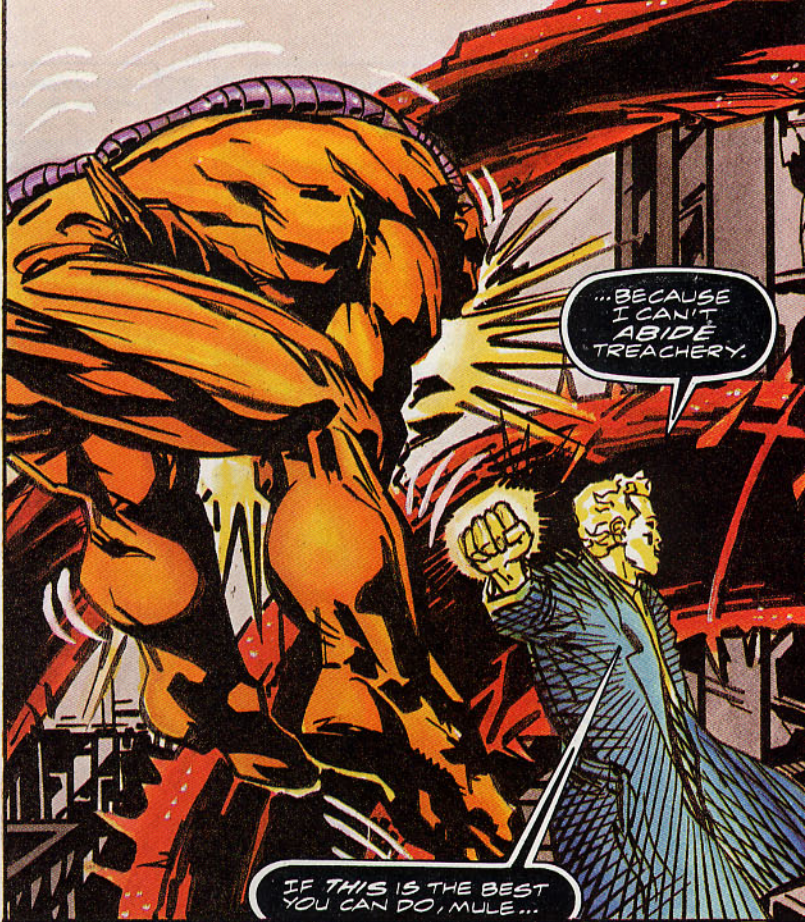
ONE MORE LITTLE... NUDGE... MIGHT TOPPLE HIM INTO THE ABYSS. HIS DESPAIR WOULD MAKE MINE SEEM... PALTRY.

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS CORRUPT HIM A LITTLE AND HE'LL BE HELPLESS... POWERLESS... IMPOTENT!

I KNOW, I KNOW YOU CAN'T ABIDE TREACHERY, BUT THIS IS OUR CHANCE, AND WORKING TOGETHER, WE...

I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT HE IS VULNERABLE... RIGHT NOW!

FORGET IT. I DON'T WORK WITH DEMONS.



YOU'RE TAKING RESPONSIBILITY UPON YOURSELF AND... AND YOU'D BETTER BE AS GOOD AS YOU THINK YOU ARE!

I AM EXACTLY AS GOOD AS I THINK I AM.

BUT THE DANCER IS DEATH ITSELF!

I AM NOT AFRAID!

GET THEE HENCE.

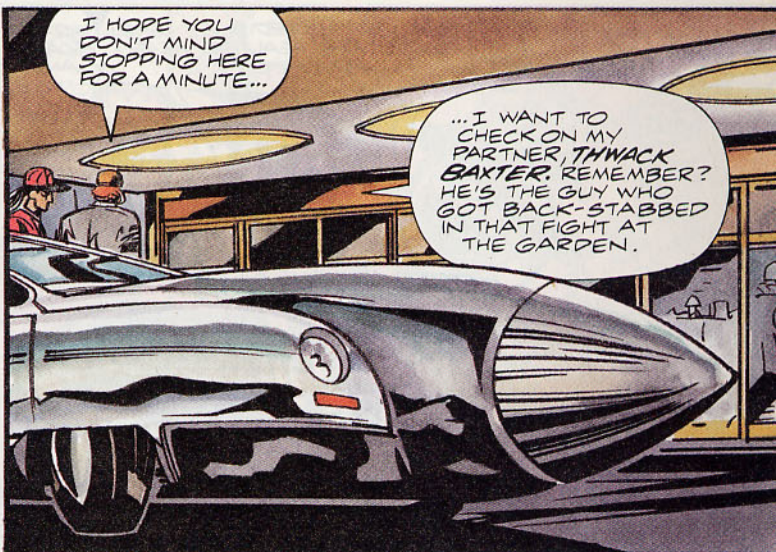


LATER...



YOU LOOK GREAT, TRUST ME. AND DON'T WORRY, YOUR HELMET'LL BE BE SAFE IN THE CAR.

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND STOPPING HERE FOR A MINUTE...



...I WANT TO CHECK ON MY PARTNER, **THWACK BAXTER**. REMEMBER? HE'S THE GUY WHO GOT BACK-STABBED IN THAT FIGHT AT THE GARDEN.

INSIDE...



SORRY, MISTER BAXTER IS IN INTENSIVE CARE. NO VISITORS.

YEAH? WHO'S BIG ENOUGH TO STOP ME?

I AM, SHEMAEL!

YOU MESS WITH ME, I VILL CUT YOUR TONSILS OUT, NO ANESTHETIC.

DOC FLAINMAN! HOW YA DOIN'?



HEY, DANCER, THIS IS THE DOC WHO TAKES CARE OF ALL US WRESTLERS!

UH, DOC, COULD YOU MAYBE TAKE A LOOK AT MY PAL? HE GOT HIT PRETTY HARD YESTERDAY, AND... HE'S BEEN TALKING KIND OF CRAZY.

SAYS HE MIGHT HAVE TO DESTROY THE WORLD.



THAT COULD BE A PROBLEM!

SOON...

YOU TAKE YOUR
VRESTLING SCHTICK
SERIOUSLY, HM?

YELL, VHE SEE
VHAT SHAPE YOU'RE
IN, YOU BOYS PUT
SUCH VHEAR AND
TEAR ON A BODY...!
HOW OLD ARE YOU,
SONNY?

THIS IS AN EKG
TEST. VON'IT HURT.
SO, VHERE YOU
YOU FROM,
SONNY?

I AM FROM
QUEXZAL
KWA IN THE
PLACE OF
DREAMS.

MY SPIRIT HAS ENDURED
TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND
YEARS BY MY RECKONING...
PERHAPS EIGHT HUNDRED
BY YOURS.

THE FLESH
WHICH
CONTAINS
MY SPIRIT
IS NEW. I
REMADE IT...
TWO DAYS
AGO.

I TOLD
YOU, DOC!

SOME TIME
LATER...

THIS IS... INCREDIBLE! HE'S...
MORE THAN HEALTHY. HE'S
PERFECT!

NO TOXINS IN HIS BLOOD, NO
SCARRING ANYWHERE, NO
ANAMOLIES... HIS CELLS
ARE LIKE A NEWBORN
BABY!

BILLY, VHE MUST KEEP
HIM HERE FOR MORE
TESTS! HE IS A
PHENOMENON!

AW, DOC...!
WE'RE
GOING OUT
ON THE
TOWN!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
HE IS A MEDICAL MIRACLE!
THIS MUST BE DOCUMENTED...
RESEARCHED!

I WILL HAVE HIM
ADMITTED.
VHE'LL BEGIN
IMMEDIATELY,
AND...

BILLY? VHAT,
YOU HIDING?
COME ON,
GROW UP!

VHERE ARE YOU?
TWENTY STORIES UP,
YOU DIDN'T GO OUT
THE VINDOW!

BILLY?

MEANWHILE, ON NEW YORK'S NUMBER ONE NEWS/TALK SHOW...

...AND WE'RE BACK, WITH MY GUEST SALLY THROCKMORTON, WHO SUDDENLY SEEMS TO BE STARRING IN EVERYTHING.

OKAY, SALLY, YOUR HOUSE IS ATTACKED BY A UFO... THE PUBLICITY REIGNITES YOUR CAREER...

...TELL ME, DID YOU SEND THE LITTLE GREEN MEN A "THANK YOU" CARD?



HA! ANNA, THE STORY IN THE TABLOIDS WAS A LITTLE EXAGGERATED. I MEAN, THEY WEREN'T GREEN...

...BUT I DO WANT TO THANK THE HANDSOME STRANGER WHO SAVED ME, WHEREVER HE IS, WHOEVER HE IS. HE CALLED HIMSELF... THE DANCER.

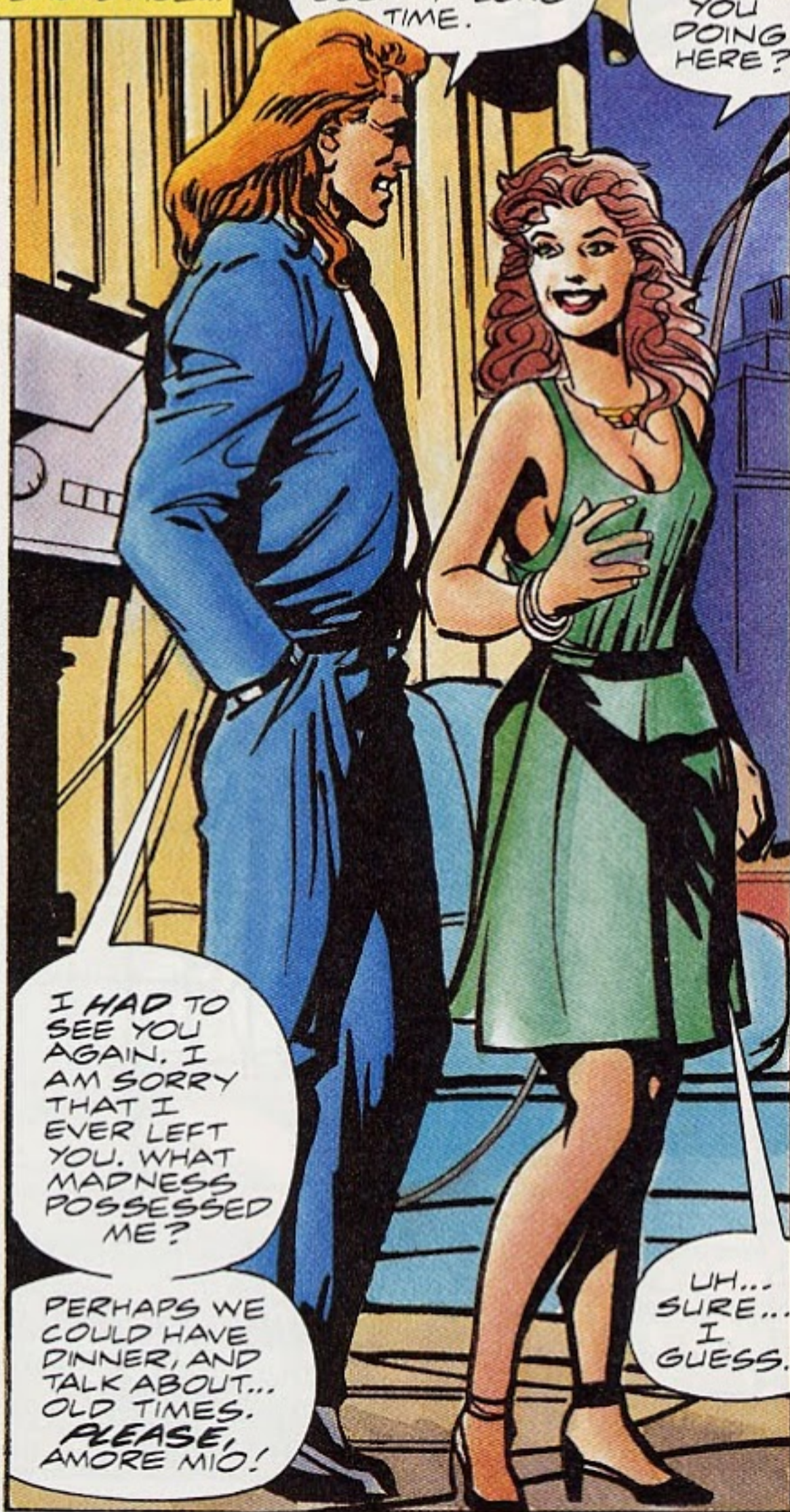
HE WAS LIKE A DREAM... AND I THINK THAT JUST BEING NEAR HIM MADE MY DREAMS COME TRUE.



LATER, BACKSTAGE...

HELLO, AMORE MIO. IT HAS BEEN... A LONG TIME.

FABIANO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



I HAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN. I AM SORRY THAT I EVER LEFT YOU. WHAT MADNESS POSSESSED ME?

PERHAPS WE COULD HAVE DINNER, AND TALK ABOUT... OLD TIMES. PLEASE, AMORE MIO!

UH... SURE... I GUESS.

IS THERE... SOME-ONE ELSE?

HUH. NO... NOT REALLY.



JUST A DREAM.



ACROSS TOWN, A WOMAN WHOSE SOFT CURVES BELIE HER HARD EDGES ENJOYS A PRIVATE SHOWING OF DESIGNER LINGERIE.

DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, SHE OWNS, CONTROLS AND RUNS MOST OF THE VICE AND SMUT OPERATIONS ON THE EAST COAST.

MMM...
NICE,
BERNARD.

THANK YOU. I'M
VERY PROUD OF
THIS COLLECTION.

I MEANT THE
GIRL, NOT YOUR
STUPID SLUT-RAGS.

I WANT HER, BERNARD.
RECRUIT HER FOR
ME.

HER REAL NAME IS
BO PEPPERMAN.
BUT THE FEW WHO
KNOW OF HER AT
ALL KNOW HER
ONLY BY AN OLD
STAGE NAME--
BO PEEP.

YOU... YOU
MEAN... FOR
ONE OF YOUR...
SLEAZE
PARLORS?
MS. PEEP,
SHE'S A
MODEL,
NOT A...

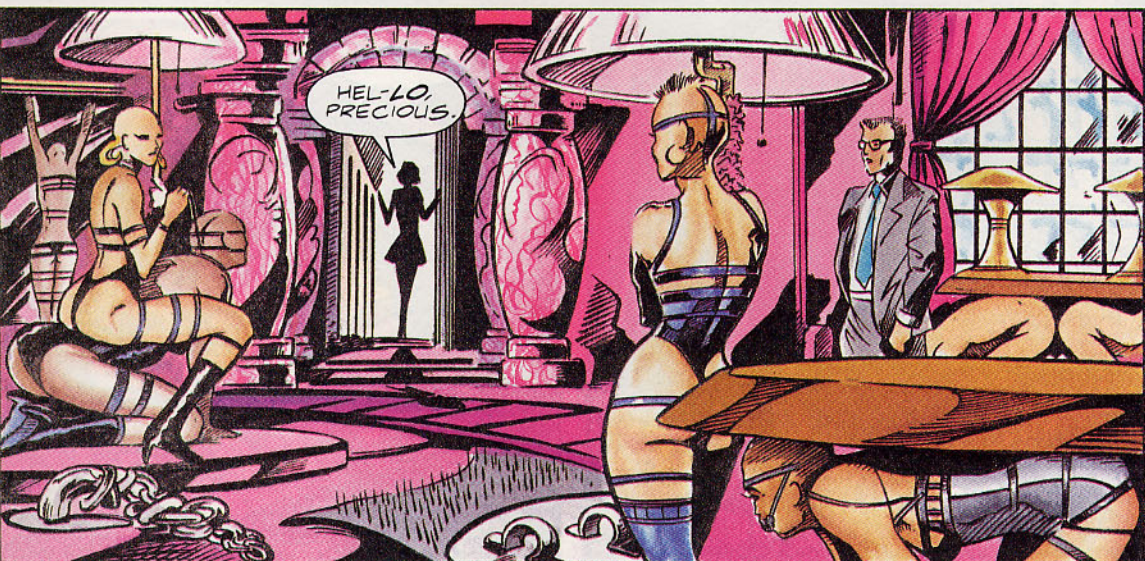
SHE MUST WANT
SOMETHING... OR
FEAR SOMETHING.
FIND OUT WHAT
IT IS, BERNARD...

... AND I'LL USE IT TO MAKE
HER INTO ANYTHING I
WANT.

DON'T FORGET
THOSE LOVELY
PHOTOS I HAVE
OF YOU,
DARLING!

EXCUSE ME, MS. PEEP. THE
JAPANESE MINISTER IS JUST
BEGGING TO SEE YOU. I PUT
HIM IN YOUR PRIVATE
OFFICE.

GOOD.
THANK
YOU,
ABIGAIL.





MULE!
WHAT ARE
YOU
DOING
HERE?

WHEN CHASM HEARS THAT YOU DARED
TO APPROACH ONE OF HIS DISCIPLES,
HE'LL ROAST YOU!

I ALWAYS SUSPECTED
THAT YOU COULD SEE
INTO THE SUBSTRATUM,
BO PEEP! DID CHASM
TEACH YOU?

IF HE HEARS,
HE MAY TRY.
BUT YOU WON'T
TELL HIM NOW,
LISTEN, WHORE-
QUEEN, I HAVE
A JOB FOR YOU.

GO SUCK A PIG'S BLADDER
DRY. YOUR POWER DOESN'T
REACH BEYOND THE SUB-
STRATUM-- YOU CAN'T
THREATEN ME!

THREATEN...? NO NO, NO...
YOU'LL ENJOY THIS!

I WANT
YOU TO
SEDUCE...
A GOD!

MEANWHILE, THE
SPIRIT WARRIOR
AND A WARRIOR
IN SPIRIT TOUR
THE CITY...

NEW YORK,
NEW YORK,
A HECKUVA
TOWN! THE
BRONX IS UP
AND THE
BATTERY'S
DOWN!

OH? PERHAPS
I CAN RECHARGE
THIS 'BATTERY.'

HO, HO! VERY
FUNNY!

YOU KNOW, YOU
SEEM A LOT LESS
TENSE SINCE YOU
TOOK THAT NAP.
ACTUALLY, YOU
SEEM A LITTLE
FOGGY...

THAT HAPPENS TO ME
AFTER A NAP, SOMETIMES.
HEY C'MON, LET'S GO TO
THE EMPIRE STATE
BUILDING!

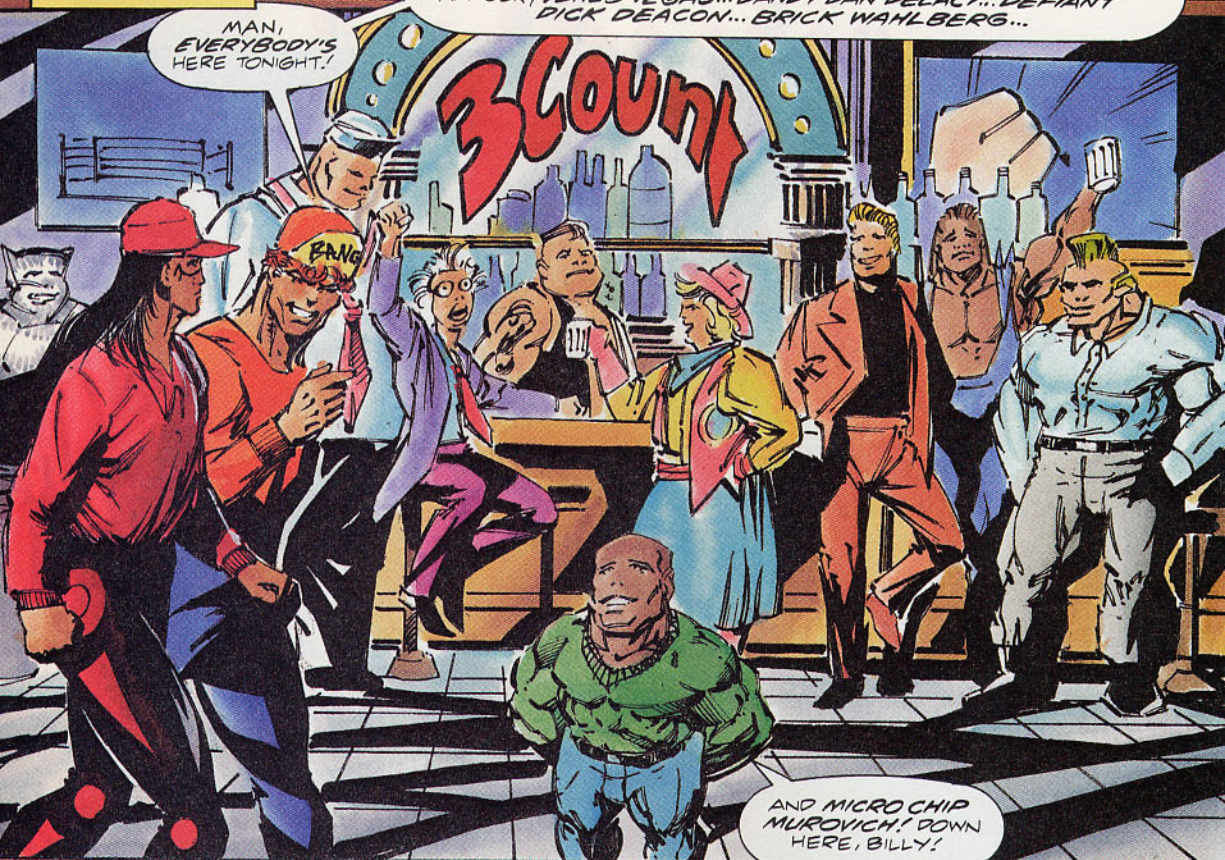
SOON...

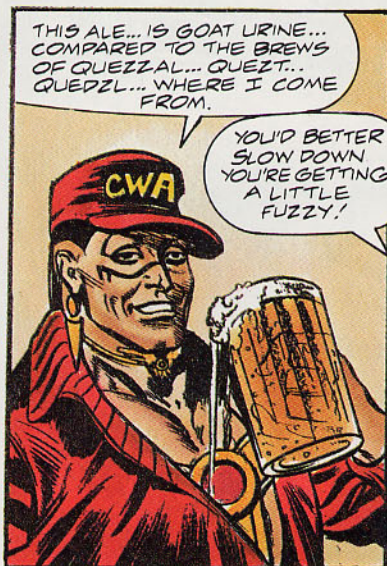


SHORTLY, IN THE
THREE COUNT
BAR...

MAN,
EVERYBODY'S
HERE TONIGHT!

HELIX THE FAT... OVERSIZE HYSMAN... MEGAMOLITH MAYHEW,
THE RING ANNOUNCER... BIG BEN BOGUS, WHO'S THE OWNER... MY
MANAGER, VENUS VEGAS... DANDY DAN DELACY... DEFIANT
DICK DEACON... BRICK WAHLBERG...





THIS ALE... IS GOAT URINE... COMPARED TO THE BREWS OF QUEZZAL... QUEZT... QUEZEL... WHERE I COME FROM.

YOU'D BETTER SLOW DOWN YOU'RE GETTING A LITTLE FUZZY!



JUST NEED TO DANCE... RAISE MY VIBRATION... AL FREQUENCY...

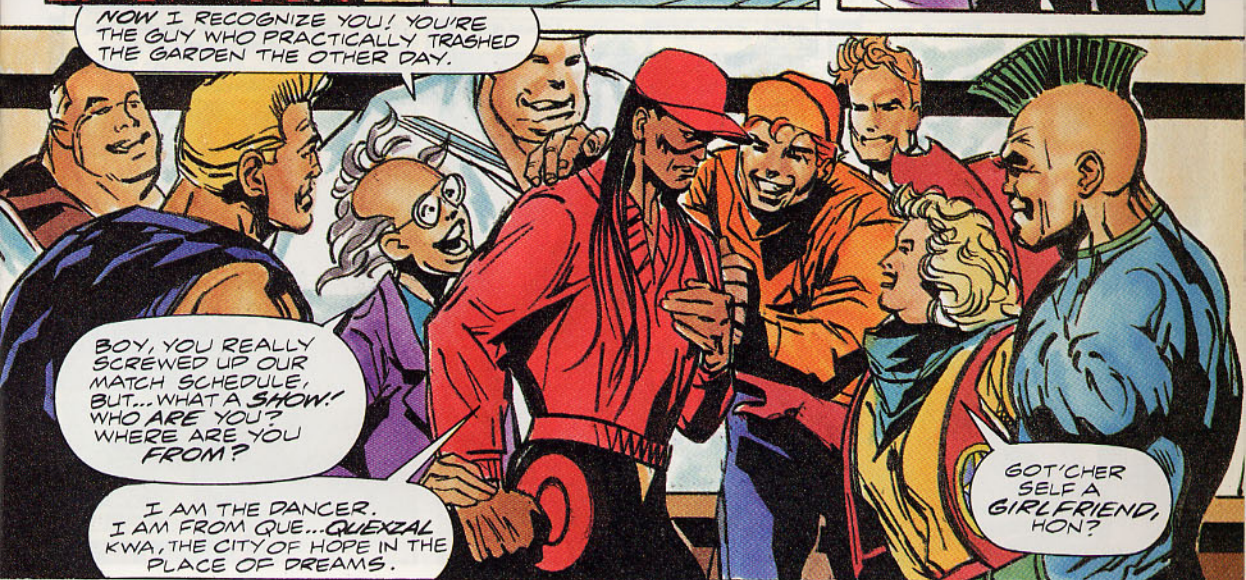
...PURGE THE POISONS... FROM THIS VESSEL.



HEY!! THIS GUY DANCES TO SOBER UP! DO YOU BELIEVE THAT, HYSMAN?

NOT ME.

I DON'T THINK IT WORKED, BUCKAROO. YOU STILL LOOK CROCKED.

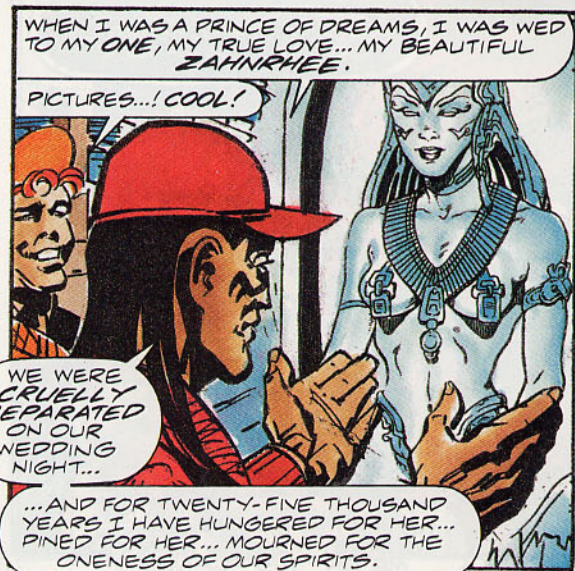


NOW I RECOGNIZE YOU! YOU'RE THE GUY WHO PRACTICALLY TRASHED THE GARDEN THE OTHER DAY.

BOY, YOU REALLY SCREWED UP OUR MATCH SCHEDULE, BUT... WHAT A SHOW! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

I AM THE DANCER. I AM FROM QUE... QUEZZAL KWA, THE CITY OF HOPE IN THE PLACE OF DREAMS.

GOT'CHER SELF A GIRLFRIEND, HON?



WHEN I WAS A PRINCE OF DREAMS, I WAS WED TO MY ONE, MY TRUE LOVE... MY BEAUTIFUL ZAHNRHEE.

PICTURES...! COOL!

WE WERE CRUELLY SEPARATED ON OUR WEDDING NIGHT...

...AND FOR TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND YEARS I HAVE HUNGERED FOR HER... PINED FOR HER... MOURNED FOR THE ONENESS OF OUR SPIRITS.



YOUR PARDON, PLEASE. THIS VESSEL OF FLESH IS FILLED TOO FULL.

WOW. WHAT A GREAT BACKSTORY FOR A WRESTLER!

WE'VE GOT TO SIGN HIM UP! THE COSMIC WRESTLING ASSOCIATION CAN REALLY USE HIM!

OUTSIDE, MICHAEL ALEXANDER APPROACHES THE BAR.

FOR HOURS, HE HAS BEEN SEARCHING, QUESTIONING DENIZENS OF THE SUBSTRATUM, HUNTING DOWN THE DANCER...

HE STEPS ASIDE FROM HARD REALITY INTO THE SUBSTRATUM...

...AND THIS IS INVISIBLE TO VIRTUALLY ALL MORTAL EYES, A VENGEFUL WRAITH STALKING DEADLY PREY.

NOW THAT HE IS NEAR, MICHAEL CAN FEEL HIS POWER. LIKE A BEACON, IT LEADS HIM ON.

IT'S STAGGERING, UNIMAGINABLE...

...THAT THE DANCER'S SPIRIT IS VERY MUCH GROUNDED IN PHYSICALITY... MIRED IN THE MUNDANE.

...AND YET, SOMEHOW MICHAEL SENSES THAT AT THIS MOMENT IT IS, INDEED, AT A LOW EBB...

IF THERE EVER WAS A MOMENT THAT A MAN MIGHT FELL A GOD...!

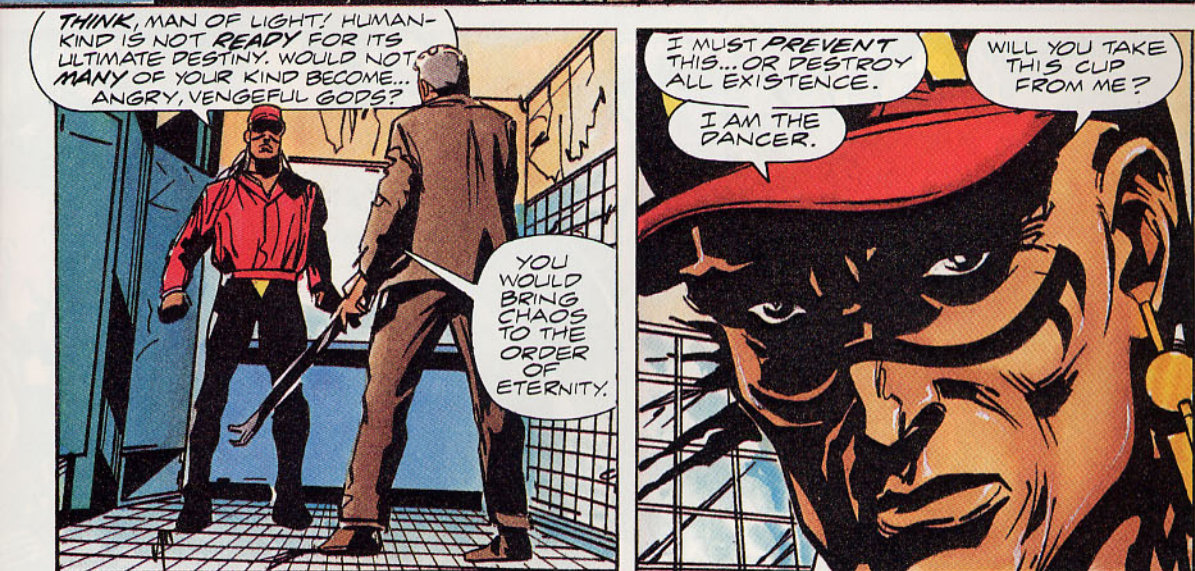
I AM AWARE OF YOU, MAN OF LIGHT.

YOU TALKIN' TO ME?

NO.

I ASSUMED YOU COULD PERCEIVE THE SUBSTRATUM. TURN AROUND, DANCER.

WE MUST SPEAK, FACE TO FACE. WILL YOU JOIN ME ON THIS PLANE?



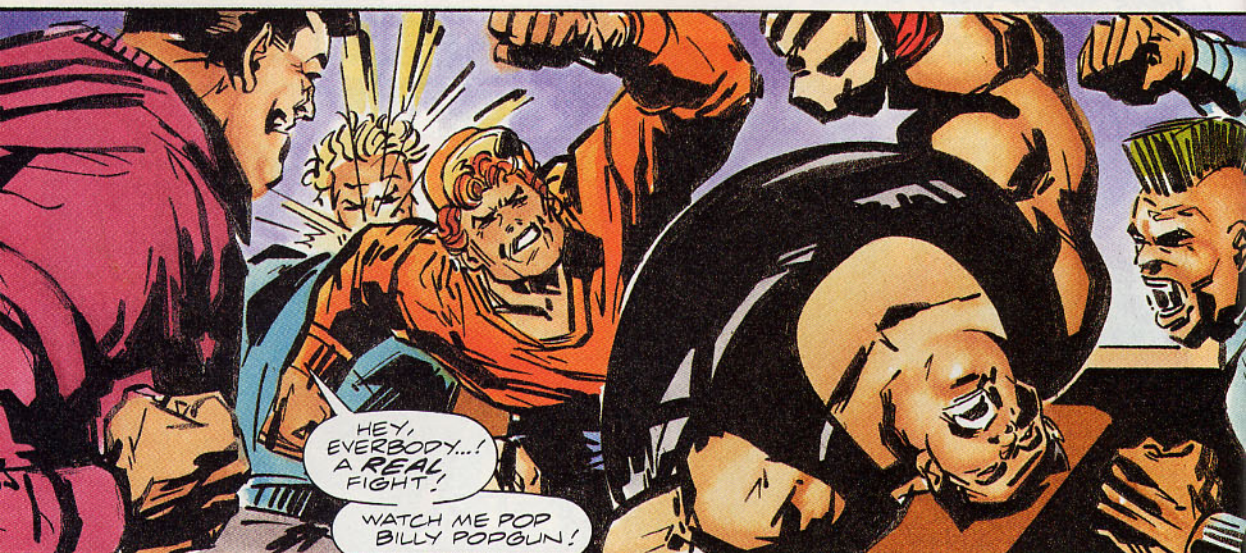
MEANWHILE...

YER FRIEND LOOKS **AWFUL** PRETTY. WHAT KIND'A NAME IS "THE BALLERINA" FER A RASSLER?

WHAT KIND OF NAME IS "HELIX THE FAT"?

BESIDES, HE'S THE **DANCER**. STOP CALLING HIM...

YOU GONNA MAKE ME, YOU LITTLE SQUIRT GUN?



OWW.!

MY FRIEND BIL-LEE BAH-LISTIC NEEDS MY HELP.

I MUST PREPARE FOR COMBAT.

UHT? STILL... TOO UNSTEADY... TO DANCE ...

...MUCH.

I AM STUCK AT...LOW VIBRATIONAL FREQUENCY.

OH... WELL...

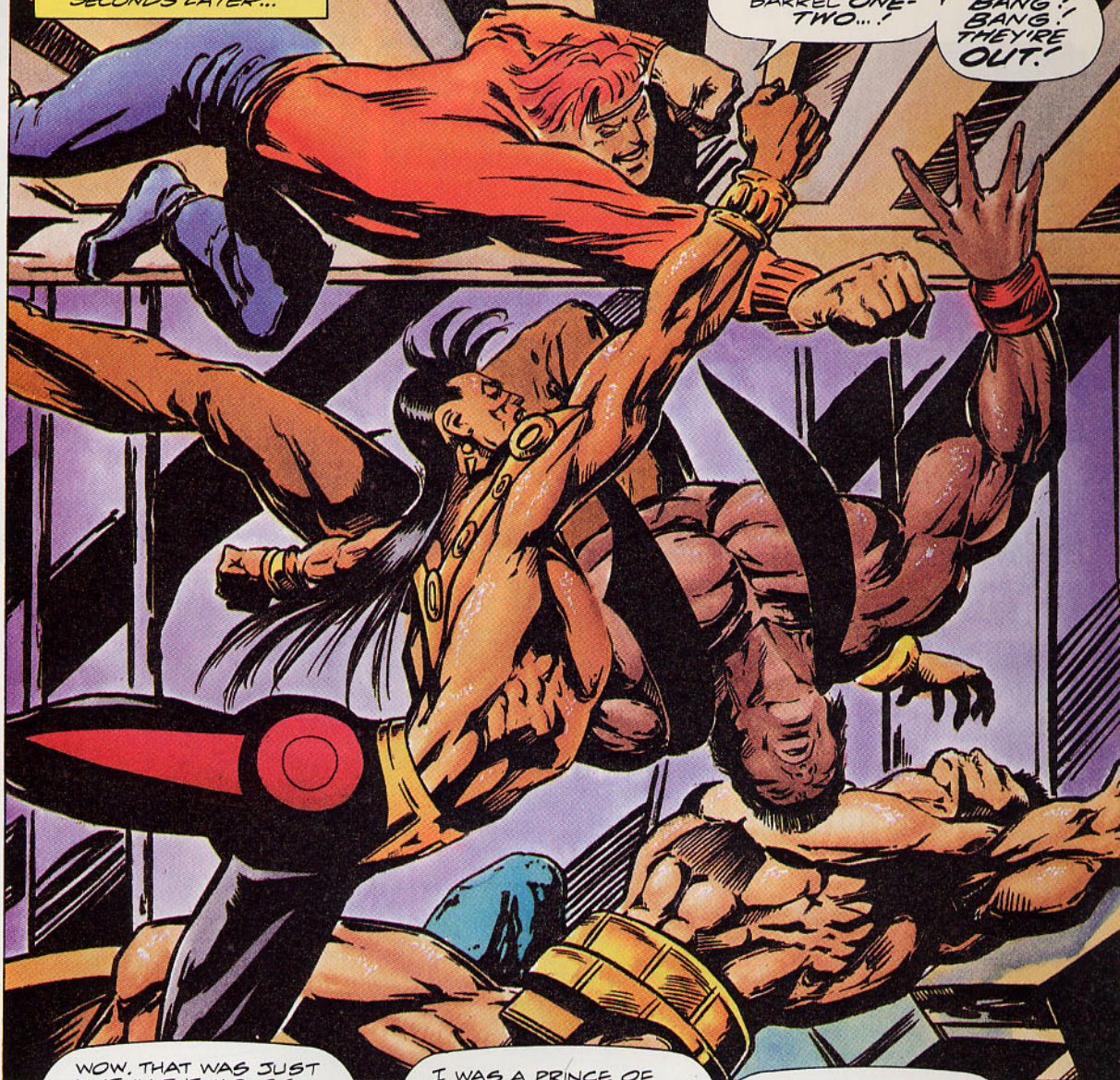




BRUISING, THUNDERING
SECONDS LATER...

...THE OL' DOUBLE-
BARREL ONE-
TWO...!

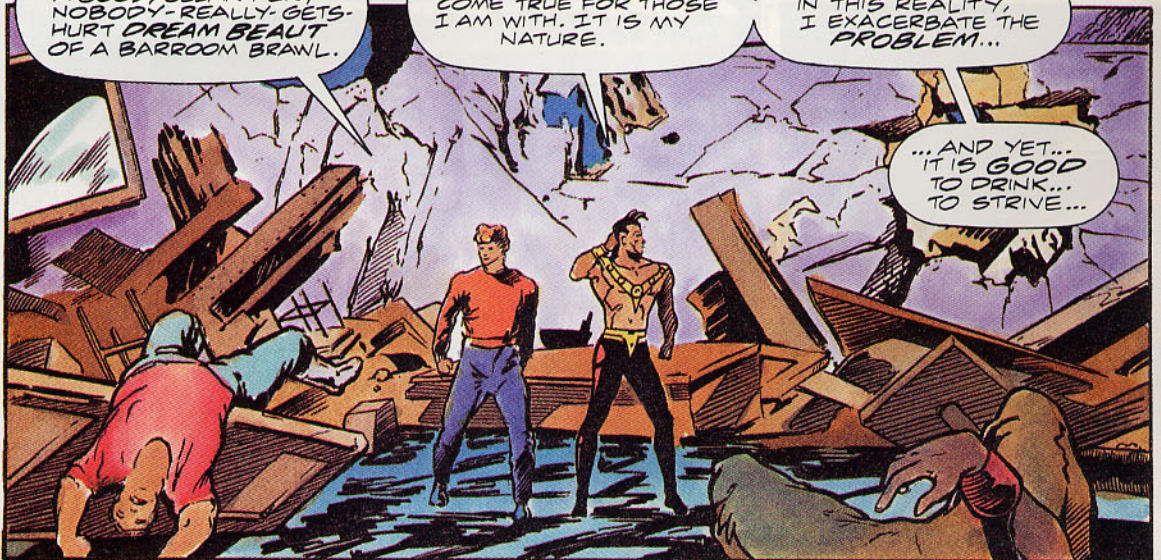
BANG!
BANG!
THEY'RE
OUT!



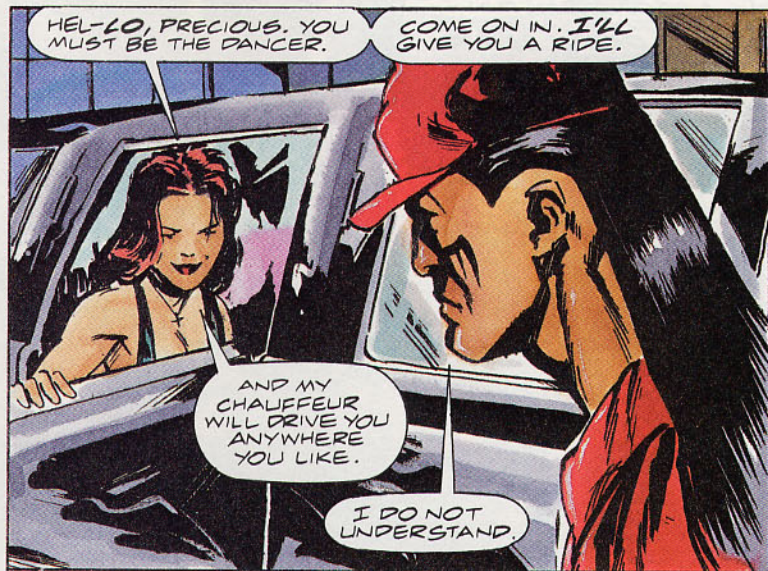
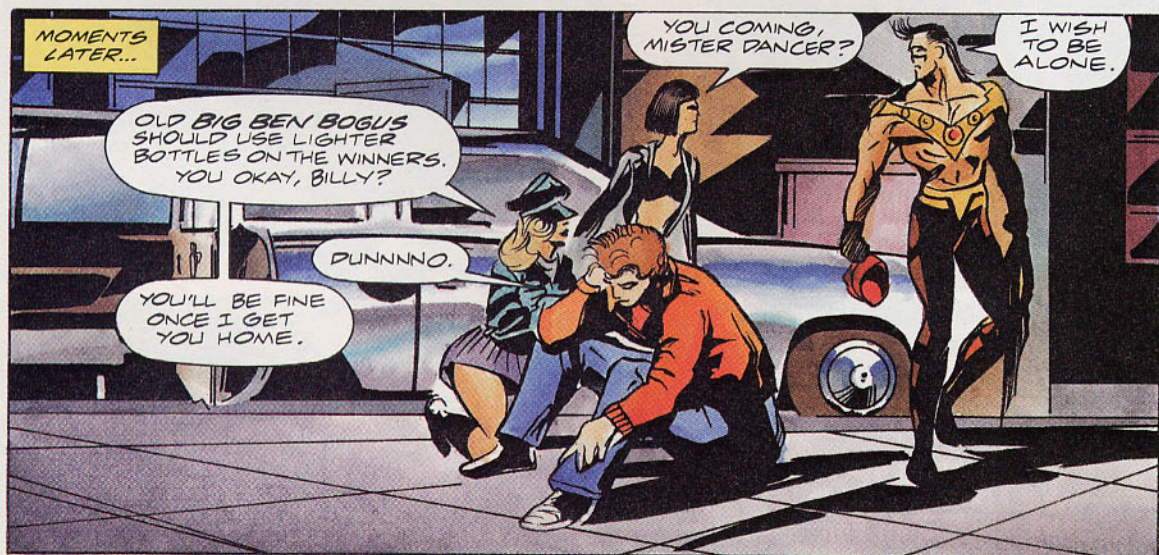
WOW. THAT WAS JUST
LIKE IN THE MOVES--
A GOOD, CLEAN FIGHT--
NOBODY REALLY GETS
HURT DREAM BEAUT
OF A BARROOM BRAWL.

I WAS A PRINCE OF
DREAMS, BIL-LEE. DREAMS
COME TRUE FOR THOSE
I AM WITH. IT IS MY
NATURE.

BY MERELY BEING
IN THIS REALITY,
I EXACERBATE THE
PROBLEM...



...AND YET...
IT IS GOOD
TO DRINK...
TO STRIVE...





OH,
YOU
WILL.

YOU'RE A
MAN,
PRECIOUS.
FLESH AND
BLOOD.

YES. AT THIS VIBRATIONAL
FREQUENCY.

I BET YOUR FLESH
IS TIRED AND SORE.
I CAN MAKE IT FEEL
BETTER. COME ON IN!



WOULD YOU
LIKE A DRINK?
ARE YOU
HUNGRY? HAD
ANYTHING TO
EAT TODAY?

HOT... DOG.

I LOVE HOT DOGS.
SOMETIMES I
JUST CRAVE ONE.



DOES YOUR
BODY... CRAVE
ANYTHING?

I BET I
KNOW WHAT.

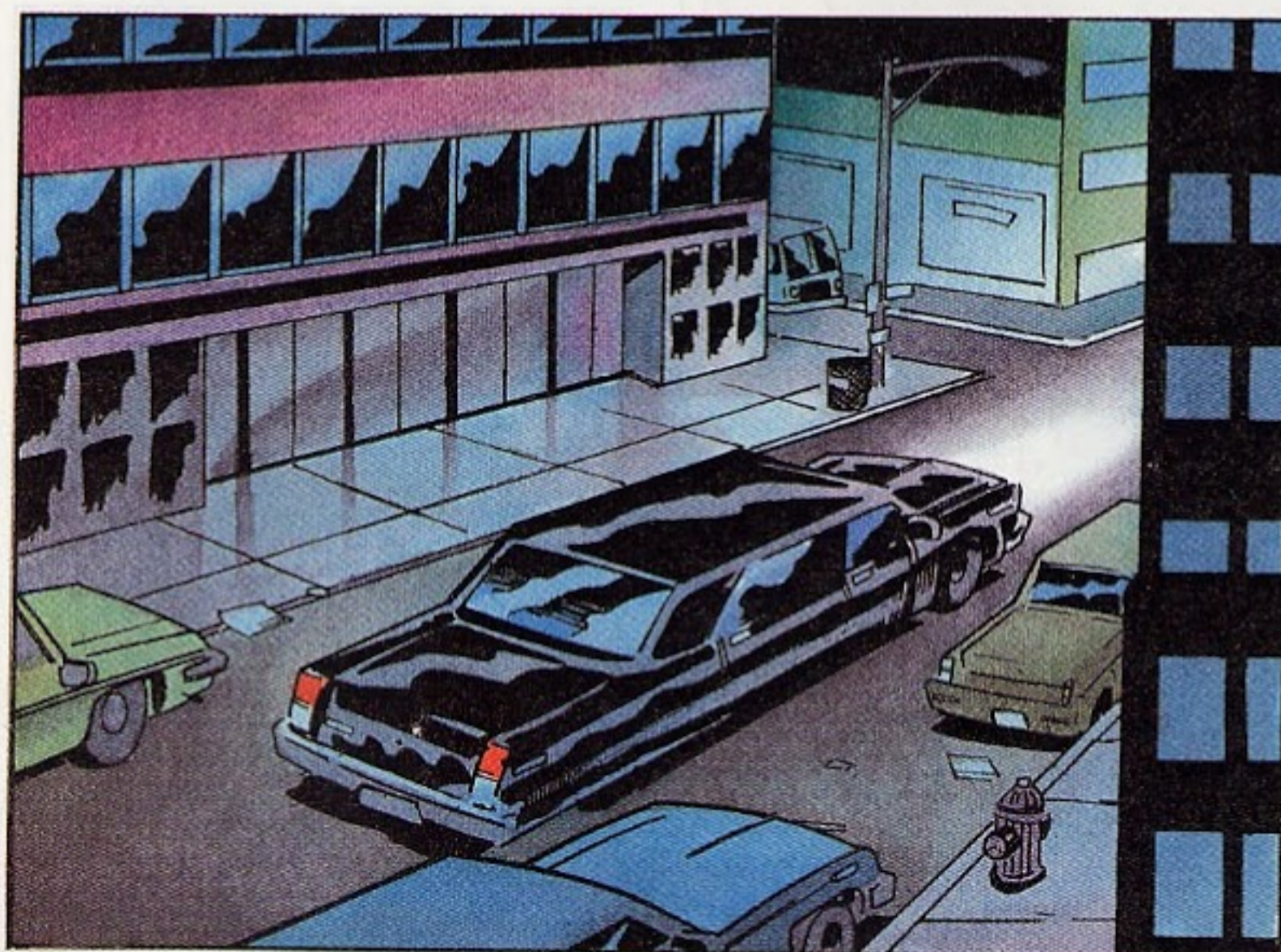
I CAN SEE YOU'RE A
LITTLE TIPSY, PRECIOUS.
WHY DON'T YOU JUST
LIE DOWN...

...RELAX...

...AND ENJOY
HOW I MAKE
YOUR BODY
FEEL.



IT IS GOOD
TO FEEL.



LATER...

AH. THE SODDEN
STUDMUFFIN STIRS!
YOU ARE, INDEED, A
GOD, DARLING. EVEN
FALLING DOWN DRUNK.



WHAT...
WHAT HAVE
I DONE?!



ZAHRHEE!

ZAHRHEE!
I HAVE
BETRAYED
YOU!

N-O-O-O-O!



I...
THINK
HE'S
UPSET.

THAT
OUGHT
TO MAKE
MULE
HAPPY.



AND I
HATE
TO
ADMIT
IT...

...BUT HE WAS
RIGHT. I'M
VERY, VERY
HAPPY, TOO.



HOME,
VINCENZO.

YES.
MISTRESS.

SHOOTER, WEISS, YOKUM
AND DIGITAL CHAMELEON
RETURN NEXT MONTH FOR:
**TO BE OR NOT...
IN ANGKOR WAT!**